The Famous Sea-Fight between Captain *Ward* and the *Rain-bow*.

To the Tune of Captain *Ward*.

STrike up you lusty Gallants,
with Musick and sound of Drum,
For we have discryed a Rower,
upon the Sea is come.

His name is Captain Ward,
right well it doth appear:
There has not been such a Rower
found out this thousand years.

For he has sent unto our King,
the sixth of January,
Desiring that he might come in
with all his company.

And if your King will let me come,
till I my tale have told,
I will bestow for my ransome,
full thirty Tun of Gold.

O nay, O nay, then sayes our King,
O nay this may not be,
To yield to such a Rower,
my self will not agree.

He has deceived the Frenchman,
likewise the King of Spain:
And how can he be true to me
that hath been false to twain.

With that our King provided,
a Ship of worthy fame,
Rainbow she is so called,
if you would know her name.

Now the gallant Rainbow,
she Rowes up on the Sea,
Five hundred gallant Seamen
do bear her company.

The Dutch man, and the Spaniard,
she made them for to flye,
Also the bony Frenchman,
as she met them on the Sea.

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When as this Gallant Rainbow,
did come where Ward did lie,
Where is the Captain of this Ship,
this gallant Rainbow did cry.

O that am I sayes Captain Ward,
there's no man bids me lye,
And if thou art the Kings fair Ship,
thou art welcome unto me.

I'le tell thee what sayes Rainbow,
our King is in great grief,
That thou shouldst lye upon the Sea
and play the Arrant thief.

And will not let our Merchant Ships
passe as they did before,
Such doings to our King is come
which grieves his heart full sore.

With that this gallant Rainbow,
she shot out of her pride.
Full fifty gallant brasse pieces
charged on every side.

Although these gallant shooters,
prevailed not a pin,
Though they were brass on the outside
yet Ward was steel within.

shot on, shot on, sayes Captain Ward,
your sport well pleaseth me,
And he that first give over,
shall yield unto the Sea.

I never wronged an English ship,
but the Turk and King of Spain,
For and the Jovial Dutchman,
as I met on the main.

If I had known your King,
but one two years before,
I would have saved brave Essex life,
whose death did grieve me sore.

Go tell the King of England,
go tell him thus from me,
If he Raign King of all the Land,
I will raign King at Sea.

With that the Royal Rainbow shot,
and shot, and shot in vain,
And left the Rovers company,
and returned home again.

Our Royal King of England,
your Ship's return'd again,
For Wards ship is so strong,
she never will be tane.

Overlasting sayes our King,
I have lost Jewels three,
Which would agone to the Seas,
and brought proud Ward to me.

The first was Lord Clifford,
Earle of Cumberland,
The second was the Lord Mountjoy,
as you shall understand.

The third was brave Essex,
from field would never flee,
Who would have gone unto the Sea,
and brought proud Ward to me.

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